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[Austin, Texas, 1963 A.]

### FRATERNITY SONGS

Singing has always been an important part of fraternity life and will probably continue to be. The trend in popularity of songs changes as time progresses. Today, it seems that the sweet, pledging-of-our-faith-and-loyalty-to-thee song is ranked after the more rowdy, beer-drinking song according to popularity among the different fraternities. They progress from funny, to slightly suggestive, to nasty, and finally to extremely rank. The beer-drinking songs fall into two major categories: those sung in mixed company, and those for stag parties. These two categories are becoming more and more inseparable because the girls are becoming more liberal minded or less easily embarrassed and shocked--a result of changing mores.

I chose to divide the songs I have collected according to my observations into those for mixed company, and those for stag parties. I collected some of the songs from individuals, and others from groups or from several different boys. Unless I have noted who contributed a song, it is fairly universal among many fraternities and was collected several times or from a group.

I.: Some fraternity songs sung in mixed company.

1.

    Took a Little Trip  
     (Collected from Bob Hatcher, Phi Kappa Psi,  
     University of Texas)

    Took a little trip to Heaven  
     To see the folks up there,  
     And they were all a seated  
     Around the heavenly chair.  
     And when they were all lined up  
     Around the heavenly bar,  
     Each angel on his shirt front wore  
     A gravy bowl and star

    Ya ya ya ya ya ya, ya ya ya ya ya  
     Ya ya ya ya ya ya, ya ya ya ya ya

    Took a little trip to hades  
     To see the poor lost souls  
     The Phi Delts and the Phi Gams  
     Were squatting on the coals.  
     The D K E 's and Delta Tau's to sizzle had begun.  
     While the Phi Psi's were in velvet chairs  
     A watchin' all the fun.

    Ya ya ya ya ya etc.

    The Beta Theta Pi's wer labled duds  
     And placed upon the shelf.  
     When in walked ole Beelzebub,  
     The King of Hell himself.  
     He slipped the old-time friendly grip  
     And yelled aloud Hi Hi!  
     For he was a charter member  
     And a damn good ol' Phi Psi.

    Ya ya ya ya ya ya, ya ya ya ya ya  
     Ya ya ya ya ya ya, ya ya ya ya ya  
     Repeat

    Boom!

2. Took My Gal Out Walking  
Tune- "Walking Down Canal Street"  
Collected from Bob Hatcher

Took my gal out walking, late one Saturday nite,  
Took my gal out walking, The moon was shining bright.  
Asked my gal to marry me, and what do you think she said?  
Said she wouldn't marry me if the whole wide world were dead.

How come you do like I do like I do Like I do  
Do like I do like I do Like I do

Said he was a member of Phi Kappa Psi  
Said he'll be a member until the day he died.  
Sing a song of loyalty and raise your voices high,  
For I am a member of Phi Kaappa Psi.

How come you do like I do Like I do like I do  
Do like I do like I do like I do  
I like the rest but the part I like best  
Is do like I do like I do.

3. The Shiek of Old T. U.  
Tune-"The Sheik of Araby"  
Collected from Bob Hatcher

I'm the shiek of old T. U. (I'm the Duke of KKG)\*  
Your love belongs to me (Save it baby)  
Each night when you're asleep (Oh baby when you'r tapped out)  
Into your tent I'll creep (On my hands and knees with my  
tongue hanging out)  
The stars that shine above (Twinkle little star)  
Will light our way to love (Do you love me, did you run  
all the way, ha-ha)  
You'll rule this world with me (Achtung, dinkerdonk, Messerschmit)  
I'm the shiek of old T. U.

\* The parts in parentheses are chanted in a fast pace

There's No Hiding Place Down There  
Collected from Roy Hall, Delta Tau Delta, Texas University

Oh the Kappas they wear the golden key, the golden key,  
Oh the Kappas they wear the golden key, the golden key,  
Oh the Kappas wear the golden key, the key to their virginity,  
There's no hiding place down there.

Oh the The tas they are a bunch of wrecks, a bunch of wrecks,  
Oh the Thetas they are a bunch of wrecks, a bunch of wrecks,  
Oh the Thetas are a bunch of wrecks, turn out the lights, turn  
on the sex,  
There's no hiding place down there.

Oh the Zetas they burn the bright red light, the bright red light,  
Oh the Zetas they burn the bright red light, the bright red light,  
Oh the Zetas burn the bright red light, any time--day or night,  
There's no hiding place down there.

Oh the Chi O's they wear the low cut dress, the low cut dress,  
Oh the Chi O's they wear the low cut dress, the low cut dress,  
Oh the Chi O's wear the low cut dress, It's so low I must confess  
There's no hiding place down there.

Oh the Alpha Phis they are a bunch of pigs, a bunch of pigs,  
Oh the Alpha Phis they are a bunch of pigs, a bunch of pigs,  
Oh the Alpha Phis are a bunch of pigs, they only sleep with  
Kappa Sigs,  
There's no hiding place down there.

Oh the Pi Phis they are a bunch of frills, a bunch of frills,  
Oh the Pi Phis they are a bunch of frills, a bunch of frills,  
Oh the Pi Phis are a bunch of frills, Footsteps on the window sills,  
There's no hiding place down there.

Oh the Tri Delts are so tried and true, tried and true,  
Oh the Tri Delts They are so tried and true, tried and true,  
Oh the Tri Delts are so tried and true, I tried and tried and so  
have you.  
There's no hiding place down there.

The following two songs Collected from Dick Taylor, Phi Delta  
Theta, Texas University

5. Phi Delt Bungalow

You may live in a marble palace, dear,  
On a throne that was built just for you.  
You may live in a tent in the far Orient  
Or a vine-covered cottage for two.  
You may spend all your life as a gypsy's wife,  
Or live in a French chateau.  
But the love that is true, it is waiting for you,  
In a Phi Delt Bungalow.

6. Tell Me Why She Wears His Pin  
To tune of "Tell Me Why"

Tell me why she wears his pin  
Tell me why she's strong for him,  
Tell me why she is so true,  
She told me why, now I'll tell you.

Because he is a Phi Delt bold.  
Because he is a knight of old,  
Because he wears the sword and shield.  
That's the reason she had to yield.

7. There Are No Chi Omega's At Purdue  
To the tune of "I Wish I Was A Little Cake of Soap"  
Collected from Bob Doby, Sigma Nu, Texas

Oh, there are no Chi Omegas at Purdue  
Oh, there are no Chi Omegas at Purdue  
So the Beta Theta Pis all sleep with Sigma Chis  
For there are no Chi Omegas at Purdue.

Oh, there are some Chi Omegas at T. U.  
Oh, there are some Chi Omegas at T. U.  
But the Beta Theta Pis Still sleep with Sigma Chis  
And the Chi Omegas sleep with Sigma Nus.

8. Party Shelter  
(Collected from Bob Venable, Delta Tau Delta, University of Texas)

Delta Tau Delta, It's A Party Shelter.  
Delta Tau Delta, That's -uh- where I felt her.  
We had a dance, in the game room.  
Come on baby won't you give me some leg room  
Delta Tau Delta that's where I felt that Delta Tau  
baby of mine.

Fornication is nice  
But incest is best  
Delta Tau Delta leads all the rest.  
I laid my baby on the ping pong table  
Tried to get up but I wasn't able  
Delta Tau Delta That's where I felt that Delta Tau  
baby of mine.

9. Roll Me Over  
Collected from Larry Hurleu, Sigma Nu, Texas U.

Chorus - Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.  
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.  
Roll me over, in the clover,  
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.

Oh, this is number one and the fun has just begun.

Chorus

Oh, this is number two and his hand is on my shoe.

Chorus

Oh, this is number three and his hand is on my knee.

Chorus

Oh, this is number four and I can't sing anymore.

Chorus

10. Son of a Sigma Nu  
Collected from Larry Hurley, Sigma Nu, Texas U.

Never trust a Sigma Nu an inch above your knee  
I trusted one the other night to see how it would be.  
He told me that he loved me and always would be true  
But that son of a bitch he left with a son of a Sigma Nu.

11. No name  
Collected from Maurice Weiner, Tau Delta Phi, Texas U.

From 76th street to Capitol Hill,  
We're gonna get drunk tonight  
The faculty's afraid of us  
They know we're in the right  
So raise your cup, your loving cup,  
As high as high can be  
For as long as sex and liquor lasts  
We'll drink to the U. of T.

Oh I think I need another drink; hey!  
I think I need another drink; ho!  
I think I need another drink  
To the glory of Tau Delta Phi.

12. Delta Hall  
Collected from Charlie Leeper, Delta Tau Delta, Texas U.

In Delta Hall, In Delta Hall  
Where every man is king.  
In Delta Hall, In Delta Hall  
We laugh, we dance, we sing.  
With a beerstein on the table (Taaable)  
We will drink while we are aaable  
And we don't give a damn for any Phi Gam  
In Delta Hall

Oh, I think that we oughta have a drink;  
I think that we oughta have a drink,  
I think that we oughta have a drink  
To the glory of Delta Tau.

13. Tune - It's a Great Day  
Collected from Larry Hurley, Sigma Nu, Texas U.

When you're down and out  
Lift up your head and shout  
O-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h shit!

14. I'm A Drunk Pi Kappa Alpha  
Collected from Johnny Holman Pi K.A., Texas University

I'm a drunk Pi Kappa Alpha,  
And I love my Haig and Haig.  
I love my Johnny Walker and I love my lady's leg  
Oh, I get drunk on all occasions just to pass the time away  
I'm a no good drunken son of a gun  
But a damn good Pi K A.

15. The Buffalo Song  
Tune - "The Unconstant Lover"  
Collected from Johnny Holman, Pi K A, Texas U.

It was a cold and windswept prairie Where nature loves no man,  
There a buffalo met his brother- a lying in the sand.  
Said the buffalo to his brother,  
"What makes you lie that way?"  
But his brother never said,  
For his brother had been dead--  
Since way---last May---

16. I'm A Crackin' Up  
Tune - "Hawaiian War Chant"  
Collected from Will Wills, Sigma Nu, Texas University

I'm a cracking up from a lack of shacking up,  
I'm a cracking up from a lack of shacking up  
I just got back from Wanta Wanta Lay  
And I'm about to die from a lack of nuki, too.  
Oh lay me, uh, uh;  
Oh lay me, uh, uh;  
Oh lay me, uh, uh;  
Oh lay me, uh, uh.  
I'm a cracking up from a lack of shacking up.  
I'm a cracking up from a lack of shacking up.  
I just got back from Wanta Wanta Lay  
And I'm about to die from a lack of nuki, too.

17. Niggers and Jews  
Tune - "Mademoiselle" from "Army Tears"  
Collected from Larry Hurley, Sigma Nu, Texas University

Niggers and Jews and Sigma Nu's parleyvous  
Niggers and Jews and Sigma Nu's parleyvous  
My mother was a Nigger  
And my daddy was a Jew.  
I'm just another bastard Sigma Nu.



18. I Used To Work In Chicago  
Collected from Doug Cooper, Sigma Phi Epsilon, Texas U.

Chorus - I used to work in Chicago in a department store  
I used to work in Chicago I did but I don't anymore

A lady came in, she asked for some fruit,  
I asked her what kind she adored, Plums she said,  
So plummer I did, I did but I don't anymore.

Chorus

Alady came in, she asked for some cake.  
I asked her what kind she adored, layer she said  
So layer I did, I did but I don't anymore.

Chorus

A lady came in, she asked for some hardware,  
I asked her what kind she adored, nails she said,  
So nail her I did, I did but I don't anymore.

Chorus

A lady came in, she asked for some cinnamon,  
I asked her what kind she adored, sticks she said  
So stick her I did, I did but I don't anymore.

Chorus

.....pea soup  
..... split....  
So split her.....

.....salad  
.....forks.....  
So toss her ;....

.....milk  
.....cream.....  
So cream her.....

..... booze  
.....liquor.....  
So lick her .....

.....covers  
..... A Spread.....  
So spread hef.....

.....a banana  
 .....peeled...  
 So peel her.....

..... some rope  
 .....jump....  
 So jump her.....

.....hardware  
 .....plug...  
 So plug her.....

19. Hairy Chested Men  
 Tune - "Year of the Jubilo"  
 Collected from Billy Galbreth, A.T.O., Texas U.

We are the joy boys of ATO  
 Hello, hello, hello, hello.  
 We want the whole damn world to know  
 We are the joy boys of ATO.

We are the great big -uh- hairy chested men.  
 We are the ATO's.

For we drink whiskey with the best of them  
 Gin with the rest of them  
 Beer with the worst of them.

20. O'Leary's Bar  
 Collected from Bucky Hightower, Sigma Chi, Texas U.

Twas a cold winters evening  
 The guests were all leaving  
 O'Leary was closing the bar  
 When he turned and said  
 To the lady in red  
 Get out you can't stay where you are  
 She swept a sad tear  
 In her bucket of beer  
 As she thought of the cold night ahead.  
 When a Sigma Chi dapper  
 Stepped out of the crapper  
 And these are the words that he said:  
 Her mother never told her  
 The things a young girl should know  
 About the ways of Sigma Chi's  
 And how they come and go (Mostly go)  
 How age has taken her beauty  
 And sin has left its sad scar (what a gash!)  
 So remember your mothers and sisters, Sigs  
 Let Nellie sleep under the bar ---- B&A-R-E.

21. Sam Hall  
Collected from Doug Cooper, Sigma Phi Epsilon, Texas U.

Well my name is Sam Hall, is Sam Hall.  
Now my name is Sam Hall, is Sam Hall.  
Yes my name is Sam Hall, and I hate you one and all  
You're a bunch of mucker's all, God damn your eyes.

Well I killed a man 'tis said, so 'tis said  
Now I killed a man 'tis said, so 'tis said  
Well I killed a man 'tis said, Well! I split his  
Bloody head and left him for dead,  
God damn his eyes.

Well the sheriff he come too, he come too,  
Now the sheriff he come too, he com too,  
Well the sheriff he come too, with his little boys in blue,  
Lord, what a bloody crew, God damn their eyes.

I saw Molly in the crowd, in the crowd  
I saw Molly in the crowd, in the crowd  
Now I saw Molly in the crowd, and I hollered right out loud  
"Hey, Molly, ain't ya proud, God damn your eyes.

Well the parson, he di come, he di come,  
Now the parson, he di come, he did come,  
Yes the parson, he did come, and he looked so God damn  
glum, as he talked of Kingdom come,  
Well he can kiss my runny bun, God damn his eyes.

Let this be my parting yell, parting yell,  
Let this be my parting yell, parting yell.  
Let this be my parting yell, and I'll see you all in Hell,  
And I hope you sizzle well, God damn your eyes.

22. The Clink Song  
Collected from Dave Standridge, Acacia, University of Texas.

Ac- ac- ia--Acacia,  
Drink, drink, drink.  
Our glasses we'll fill  
And we pledge with a will  
As they clink, clink, clink  
Let Acacia be our toast  
Long live in blessed unity  
Our dear fraternity.

23.

Far Below  
(Dave Standridge)

Far below Acacias Standard,  
There's a motley crew.  
One-hundred and twenty sons of bitches  
Known as Sigma nus.  
Half the world is white and pure,  
The other half is Sigma-Nure.

24.

Skirts  
Collected from Ray Simms, Phi Kappa Psi, Texas University

Broadway's a tame street, compared to Guadalupe Street  
All dressed up Saturday night.  
All the way from Hirsh's down to Charlie's liquor store  
You can see those Campus Wheels all dressed up  
And sittin' on the corner  
Looking 'em over straight from the shoulder  
Corn fed and struttin' up and down.

Tho their skirts are made of gingham  
Its the saucy way they swing 'em  
That brings the drummers to our home town.

Tho their skirts are made of flannel  
Its the zipper on the panel  
That brings the drummers to our home town.

Tho their skirts are made of serge  
Its that biological urge  
That brings the drummers to our home town.

Tho their skirts are made of denim  
Its the stuff they carry in 'em  
That brings the drummers to our home town.

Tho their skirts are made of cowhide,  
Its the bare hide on the inside  
That brings the drummers to our home town.

Tho their skirts are made of linen,  
Its the way they let the men in,  
That brings the drummers to our home town.

Tho their skirts are made of grass  
Its the way they shake their shoulders,  
That brings the drummers to our home town.

( There is room for many more verses to this song, and  
and there are probably more made up every time it is sung.)

25.

## As We Go Marching

Collected from ray Simms, Phi Kappa Psi

Adam was the first man the Phi Psis ever took in.  
 Socrates the wisest that ever wore the pin.  
 Sampson was the strongest, although he had the itch,  
 And when Julius Caesar came along, we pledged the son-of-a-bitch.

## Chorus

For as we go marching, and the band begins to P-I-S-Y  
 You can hear the voices shouting, the raggedy-eyed Phi Psis  
 Are out again Da, da, da, da, da, da, da, da,

Phi Psi was on Chapin Street when Beta was a pup,  
 Phi Psis'll be on Chapin Street when Beta's busted up.  
 Their colors are a pink and blue--baby pink and baby blue.  
 Now doesn't that sound sweet to you for Beta Theta Pi?

## Chorus

Now there is an eating club by the name of Sigma Chi.  
 And it's a hell of a hell of a hell of a bunch of guys.  
 They have a very pretty song, if it should ever die,  
 Who'd ever want to be a pledge of Sigma Sigma Chi.

## Chorus

Now there is a country club by the name of S A E.  
 And they're the countriest, country club that you will ever see.  
 Their pledges are a bunch of butts, their brothers they are worse.  
 And if this one isn't bad enough we'll sing another verse.

## Chorus

Kappa Sig's a brotherhood that's now on Social Pro.  
 With eighteen thousand loyal brothers pledging boys with dough.  
 The only thing that worries us is what they're gonna do  
 When they check the rolls and find they're feeding Sigma Alpha Mu.

## Chorus

26.

## Aggie War Hymn

Collected from Ray Simms, Phi Kappa Psi, Texas

Hullabalu, k'neck, k'neck  
Hullabalu, k'neck, k'neck  
We are the farmer boys from A & M  
We've got a rouser for our Aggie hymn  
We hate those dirty boys from Texas U.  
They are the boys who make the Tea come true.

The eyes of Texas are upon us,  
That is a fact we can't delete, eith defeat,  
Oh, we hate those city slickers with their tea  
Cause they win the football games that  
That makes it kinda rough  
Makes it kinda rough  
Texas A & M when the going gets tough

We are the Texas Aggies  
La la la la la la  
We saw those horns, but  
Texas won't let us,  
and that isn't fun al all  
(And it makes us so jad we could just spit!)

27.

## Gonna Build Me A Castle

Collected from David Kuberan, Sigma Alpha Mu, Texas U.

Gonna build me a castle, paint it purple and white  
Gonna entertain royalty every night  
Scatter them fedders all over the floor  
Sigma Alpha Mu over the door.

Gonna marry me a girl from old T. U.  
Gonna change her blood from red to blue.  
In my little castle painted purple and white  
Castle painted, castle painted white  
In my little castle painted purple and white.

28. Sing Brother Sing  
Collected from Bob Greve, Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Texas U.

Sing, brother, sing, O'lordy, sing brother  
Let Phi Alpha ring, sing brother, sing.  
(Chorus)

They're called the Virgin Islands  
But that cannot be  
For on the Virgin Islands  
There is an S A E.

Chorus

On every Kappa active,  
There is a Kappa key  
On every Kappa pledge,  
There is an S A E.

Chorus

Lock up the gates of heaven  
Throw away the key  
Lock up the Virgin Mary  
Here comes an S A E

Chorus

Said Abraham to God  
What is your fraternity?  
Well Abraham's a Figi  
But God's and S A E.

Chorus

A Sig Alph took an Alpha Phi  
Up to his room you see,  
Nine months went by  
And there appeared a Sigma Alpha Phi.

Chorus

Mary had a little lamb  
Its leg was made of mutton  
And every time it raised its leg  
It showed a Kappa Sig button

Chorus

29. Drink, Drink, Drink  
Collected from Bucky Hightower, Sigma Chi, Texas U.

Come you jolly kustos  
Fill us up a bumper  
Fill us up a bumper  
To the brim.  
And when we've downed it  
Fill us up another  
Fill us up another  
With a vim.  
And drink, drink, drink, drink  
Pass the wine cup free  
Drink, drink, drink, drink,  
Jolly Sigs are we  
Free from care and dispair  
What care we  
Here's to the blue and gold  
Our loved fraternity

When 'ere we meet as Sigma Chis  
Our chanting sweet ascends on high  
The moments fleet go passing by  
We'll sing and drink, drink, drink, drink.  
Pass the winecup free,  
Drink, drink, drink, drink,  
Jolly Sigs are we  
Free from care and dispair  
What care we.

30. Kappa Alpha Theta Cutie Pies  
Collected from several different people  
(This song is sung by boys in a falseetta, imitating the girls who sing it)

Damn, damn, damn the Kappa Gammas  
To hell with the Pi Beta Phis  
Oh, to hell with all the rest  
For we know that we're the best  
We're the Kappa Alpha Theta Cutie Pies.

Many people may disagree as to the classification of some of the songs I have collected, and some of the above songs should be sung only at stag parties, but they are being sung in mixed company depending on the groups, of course. Also some of the songs I chose to classify as stag songs, are sung in mixed company occasionally.



## II. Songs for Stag Parties

### 1. Flee Alpha Phi

Collected from Bob Venable, Delta Tau Delta

To thee, Alpha Phi, we shall pledge our abortions  
and lack of our virginity.  
To the friends we have made, and the friends that  
have made us  
We lie here in state of pregnancy.

We'll send all our daughters to Wellsley or Vassar  
As far as this place can be.  
No freshmen to woo them  
No seniors to screw them  
To hell with thee, Alpha Phi.

### 2. Life

Tune: Scarlet Ribbons

Collected from Bob Venable, Delta Tau Delta

Life presents a doleful picture  
All about is sad and gloom  
Father has an anal stricture  
Mother has a fallen womb.

In the corner sits Jerima  
Never laughs and rarely smiles  
What a dismal occupation  
Cracking ice for Father's piles.

Bill, the butler's been deported  
For a homosexual crime.  
Nell the maid has been aborted  
For the forty-second time.

Baby Ben is no exception  
For he's always having fits  
Every time he laughs he vomits  
Every time he farts he shits.

3. The Wheel  
Collected from John Holman, Pi Kappa Alpha

I met a sailor 'fore he died  
I have no doubt that the bastard lied  
About a maid with a cunt so wide  
She never could be satisfied.

And so he built a fuckin' great wheel  
With balls of brass and a rod of steel  
The balls of brass were filled with cream  
And the whole fuckin' issue was run by steam.

Round and round went the fuckin' great wheel  
In and out went the rod of steel  
Until at last the poor maid cried  
"Enough, enough, I'm satisfied."

And now we come to the bitter bit  
That there was no way of stopping it  
The maid was split from ass to tit,  
And the whole fuckin' issue was covered with shit.

4. Mary Ann Barnes  
Collected from Eddie Latham, Phi Kappa Psi

Mary ann Barnes is queen of all the acrobats  
She could do tricks that'd give a cat the shits.  
She could flip green peas through her fundamental  
orifice  
Do a double somersault and catch 'em on her teats.

She's a great big son of a bitch  
Twice as big as you and me  
Hair on her ass like branches on a tree.  
She can swim, fish, fight, fuck and drive a truck.  
She's the kinda gal that's gonna marry me.

5.

Adam

Tune: Tramp, Tramp, Tramp the Boys are Marching  
Collected from Bob Linde, Beta Theta Pi, Texas U.

19

Adam was the first man to ever wear the pin  
And Socrates the wisest of all the earthly kin.  
And Samson was the strongest although he had the itch.  
And if Julius Caesar ever comes along we'll pledge  
the son-of-a-bitch Betas raise your voices....

In Bohunkus, Tennessee,  
There's a horse's ass that's me  
And my father shoveled horseshit in the street,  
in the street.

And when I was very young  
He found diamonds in the dung  
And he sent me off a Beta for to be.

Hail, hail, hail, you Masterbetas  
Raise your thunderheads on high  
And we'll drink another glass  
To the biggest horses' ass  
In the halls of Beta Theta Pi.

[NO PAGE 20 PRESENT]

Waltz Me Around Again Willie  
Tune--"Cielito Lindo"

Ay, ay, ay, ay, In China they do it for chili  
Oh, here comes the first verse, it's worse than another  
verse,

So, waltz me around again Willie

There once was a queer from Rangoon  
Who took a lesbian up to his room.  
They argued all night, over who had the right  
To do what, and with which, to whom.

Ah, ay, ay, ay, In China they do it for chili  
Oh, here comes another verse, it's worse than the last  
verse,

So, waltz me around again Willie.

There once was a man from Belair  
Who tried to make love on the stair  
The bannister broke, so he doubled his stroke  
And finished her off in mid air.

Refrain

There once was a hermit named Dave  
Who kept a dead whore in his cave  
She shriveled and shrank, my God how she stank  
But think of the money Dave saved.

Refrain

There once was a young girl from Crete  
Who dreamt she stripped in the street  
She thought t'was a joke, until she awoke  
And found mud on the soles of her feet.

Refrain

There once was a man from Sweeney  
Who poured gin on his weenie.  
But not to be uncouth, he added vermouth  
And slipped his date a martini.

Refrain

There once was a man from El Pass  
Whose balls were made out of brass.  
When they banged together they played stormy weather  
And lightening shot out of his ass.

Refrain

There once was a young girl from Peru  
 Who had nothing she wanted to do  
 So she sat on the stairs and counted her hairs,  
 Four thousand, nine hundred and two.

Refrain

There once were two monks from Siberia  
 Whose lives couldn't be drearier  
 They said with a yell, lets raise some hell,  
 And gang-banged the Mother Superior.

Refrain

There once was a man from Kileen  
 Who invented a fucking machine  
 Both concave and convex, it fit either sex,  
 But, oh what a bastard to clean.

Refrain

There once was a man from Nantucket  
 Whose dick was so long he could suck it.  
 He said with a grin, as he wiped off his chin  
 If my ear were a cunt, I would fuck it.

Refrain

There once was a girl from Rangore  
 Whose cunt was extremely sore  
 As she walked down the street, dogs snapped at her meat,  
 Which hung like green cheese from her drawers.

Ay, ay, ay, ay In China they do it for chili  
 Oh, that was the last verse, it's worse than any other verse  
 So, waltz me around again Willie

The Runaway Train  
 Tune- "When Johnny Comes Marching Home"  
 Collected from Carl Stephanow, Sigma Nu, Texas

The runaway train went down the track  
 She blew, she blew  
 The runaway train went down the track,  
 She blew, she blew,  
 The runaway train went down the track  
 And I hope to hell she wont come back  
 And away she blew,  
 Oh, Lordy how she blew.

The engineer was at the throttle  
 She blew, she blew  
 The engineer was at the throttle  
 She blew, she blew  
 Jacking off with a whiskey bottle  
 And away she blew  
 Oh, Lordy how she blew.

The parlor maid was in the bar  
 She blew, she blew  
 The parlor maid was in the bar  
 She blew, she blew  
 A fucking herself with a black cigar  
 And away she blew  
 Oh, Lordy how she blew.

The damned old bum was riding the rods  
 She blew, she blew  
 The damned old bum was riding the rods,  
 She blew, she blew  
 When ninety-nine cars ran over his cods,  
 And away she blew  
 Oh, Lordy how she blew

### Hot Nuts

Hot nuts, hot nuts, get 'em from the peanut man,  
 Yeh yeh yeh yeh yeh, nuts, hot nuts  
 Get 'em any way you can.  
 (Refrain)

Got it in the kitchen, got it in the hall  
 Got it on my finger, so I wiped it on the wall-Nuts  
 Hot nuts, get them from the peanut man.... etc.

See that man dressed in brown,  
 He's got the biggest nuts in town--Nuts  
 Refrain

See that man dressed in black  
 He carries his nuts in a gunny sack--Nuts  
 Refrain

See that girl dressed in red  
 She makes her living lying in bed--Nuts  
 Refrain

See that girl dressed in pink  
She's the one who make my finger stink--Nuts  
Refrain

See that girl sitting on his lap,  
Bang with her and you'll get the clap--Nuts  
Refrain

See that girl over there in slacks  
She shacks--Nuts  
Refrain

Little red rooster, little black duck,  
Put 'em on the table and watch them --dance--Nuts  
Refrain

See that man who walks like a duck  
He can't dance but he sure can fuck.--Nuts  
Refrain

See that girl dressed in blue  
She can't dance but she sure can screw --Nuts  
Refrain

See that girl dressed in green  
She lost her quarter in the bathroom machine--Nuts  
Refrain

See that cool guy named Harry  
He's got nuts but he's still a fairy.--Nuts  
Refrain

Got some in a Cadillac, got some in a Ford  
But the best I got was on the running board--Nuts  
Refrain

See that guy, He's a Phi Gam  
He's got nuts but they ain't worth a damn--Nuts  
Refrain

Now there is a girl named Pearl  
She cracks so many nuts, they call her squirrell--Nuts  
Refrain

There is a girl named Jill  
She won't screw, but her sister will--Nuts  
Refrain

See that girl named Mary  
They call her dingleberry--Nuts  
Refrain

See that girl in blue  
She'll polish your knob if you ask her to--Nuts  
Refrain

See that man in back swinging a pick  
Missed one day and cut off his finger--Nuts  
Refrain

That man over there goes to Texas Tech  
His nuts hang around his neck--Nuts  
Refrain